

March 14 1797

REMARKS ON THE TIMES, &c.

FEW REMARKS

ON THE

PRESENT TIMES.

A SERIOUS ADVICE

TO THE

REDEEMING OUR TIME HERE:

SO THAT WE MAY BE BLESSED AND HAPPY

WHEN TIME SHALL BE NO MORE.

By DAVID LOVE.

PRINTED FOR, AND SOLD BY THE AUTHOR,

A LAMENOMAN

WHO MAKES VERSES ON ANY SUBJECTS, IN

EMPLOYED

REMARKS ON THE TIMES, &c.

EPH. v. 16: *Redeeming the Time, because the Days are evil.*

REDEEM the Time, walk circumspect,

In these our evil days ;

“ Do not my holy word reject ;”

Our GOD and SAVIOUR says—

Redeem the Time, it trying is

To many of the poor ;

For poverty, and great distress,

At present they endure.

Redeem the Time, wait patiently

For God may turn their hearts,

Or send them great calamity,

That they may feel the smart.

Redeem the Time, with patience run

The race to gain the prize ;

All vice and folly strive to shun,

Then you'll to honour run.

Redeem the Time, for when it's past

Recall'd it cannot be ;

Live ev'ry day as 'twere your last,

Let heart and life agree.

Redeem the Time, your moments fly

Swift as a blaze of light,

That cometh from the azure sky,

And quickly out of sight.

Redeem the Time, while call'd to-day,
 To-morrow's not your own;
 Through faith a sure foundation lay,
 Your hours will soon be gone.

Redeem the Time, for grace is free
 To all that truly ask;
 Bow humbly down upon your knee,
 It is a pleasant task.

Redeem the Time, Jesus will aid,
 And hear your dire complaints;
 Be not with fear or grief dismay'd,
 He cheers his mourning Saints.

Redeem the Time, a wicked race
 May soon lead you astray;
 Pray for support and strength'ning grace,
 He'll keep you in the way.

Redeem the Time, for soon a crown
 Of life you will receive,
 Jesus will mark you for his own
 And give you to believe.

Redeem the Time, the Gospel call
 Now in your ears doth sound;
 Yea, it is preached unto all
 That tread on Zion's ground.

Redeem the Time, each Sabbath day
 Go to the house of prayer;
 Who knows when you are in the way,
 But God may bless you there.

Redeem the Time, nor vainly talk,
Of carnal worldly things;
But always let your daily walk
Be with the King of Kings.

Redeem the Time, for it is short,
And fast away doth fly;
Don't of Religion make a sport,
Remember you must die.

Redeem the Time, Jesus will come
And call you to his bar;
You my receive your final doom,
Before you are aware!

Redeem the Time, be wise, repent,
Mind your eternal well;
Or when you die you shall be sent
Into the flames of hell!

Redeem the Time, a glorious place
Jesus for Saints prepares,
Where they shall ever see his face,
And re'gn with him as heirs!

—because the days are evil—

Now we do feel the evil days,
The days of great distress;
The days wherein too many ways
Abound with wickedness.

The days of fraud, and treachery,
Whereby they do oppress;
When many cozen, cheat, and lie,
Practising wickedness.

The days of great extortion, when
 They go to much excess,
 Ev'n crafty, vile, deceitful men,
 Bent on all wickedness.

The days wherein self-love do reign,
 That they may wealth increase;
 Unjust their ways, their ill got gain,
 Is hellish wickedness.

The days when many thousands do,
 Against the Lord transgress;
 Despising all his goodness too,
 And loving wickedness.

The days of swearing, lying, guile,
 Too horrid to express;
 Which nations, kingdoms, all defile,
 With guilt and wickedness.

The days wherein apparently,
 The sinners hath success;
 But shortly God will judge and try
 Them for their wickedness.

The days when God will vengeance take
 On all who do profess
 To be religious—yet do make
 A trade of wickedness.

Now is th' accepted time, and day,
 To God your sins confess,
 For grace and true repentance pray
 And hate all wickedness.

It is by faith in Christ alone,
 When we this grace possess;
 That in his strength we shall go on,
 To keep from wickedness.

Altho' we are by sin defil'd,
 Through him we have access
 To God our Father reconcil'd,
 Complete in righteousness.

Each child of God is made an heir,
 He richly doth them dress
 With garments so divinely fair,
 His robes of righteousness!

We must be chang'd in heart and mind,
 Yea, nothing can do less;
 Ot we are wretched, poor, and blind,
 Void of Christ's righteousness.

Works of the law can ne'er make good,
 Nor yet the sinner bless,
 'Till justified by Jesus' blood,
 Cloath'd in his righteousness.

The Pharisee he vainly brags
 Of works and holiness;
 They are but vile and filthy rags,
 Void of Christ's righteousness.

A Black can never wash his skin
 Into a white or fair;
 No more can good works purge your sin,
 Nor you for heav'n prepare.

Sin is deep rooted in the heart,
 And is of crimson die;
 Sin doth from God his creatures part,
 And sets at enmity.

Sin caus'd the present war abroad,
 Sin robb'd us of our peace;
 Sin doth provoke the Lord our God
 To hide his gracious face.

Sin is the cause of all our woes,
 Sin brings God's judgment down;
 Sin, empires, kingdoms overthrows,
 If he but on them frown.

Our sins aloud for judgment cry,
 And God could send us dearth,
 Or famine, want, or scarcity,
 On this our sinful earth.

But good and gracious is the Lord
 To Adam's guilty race;
 For he has left it on record,
 That harvest shall not cease.

Nor winter, nor the time of seed,
 Nor summer with it's heat;
 But all his creatures still doth feed
 With good and wholesome meat.

A glorious harvest, plenteous crop,
 We did enjoy last year;
 For cheapness then we all did hope,
 Yet still provision's dear.

When God doth, with a liberal hand,

Plenty for all provide,

Why should poor people in this land

Of cheapness be deny'd;

Extortion, fraud, oppression,

Greatly practis'd indeed—

Unfeeling for the poor's distress

Regardless of their need:

For this oppressive life they live—

The time's approaching fast,

That they a strict account must give

Unto their judge at last.

O Lord, turn all their hearts who deal

So false in food and corn;

May justice, mercy, truth prevail,

And grace their lives adorn.

May fraud, deceit, envy and spite,

By all men be abhor'd;

That rich and poor may all unite

In love, to praise the Lord.

Then we shall thy blest name adore,

With all the hosts above;

And joyful sing for evermore,

The wonders of thy love.

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